

# THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

VOL. I.

IT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

No. VI.

For the Rose of the Valley.

## A MEMORIAL.

Oh have I seen thee hang upon the brow  
Of her who rests in tranquil slumber now  
In yon church-yard, beneath the willow  
bough,

Bright ringlet.

Oh dost thou not recall long, long past years,  
The joys of childhood, with its hopes and  
fears—

Its smiles and mirth—its little griefs and  
tears,

Bright ringlet!

And when upon her brow I've seen thee  
wave,

I little thought thee all that I could save  
From cold oblivion and an early grave,

Bright ringlet.

But we, alas! on earth were doom'd to part,  
And thou a gift and a memorial art

Of her who still lives in my sorrowing heart,  
Bright ringlet.

Unlike those flow'rs that bloom to die with  
spring,

Thou still whilst wintry winds do harshly  
sing

A dirge o'er nature, dost thy beauty fling,

Bright ringlet.

Cincinnati.

E. M. R.

## THOUGHTS

Worthy the reflection of those 'who are about to  
enter on the stage of life, and who have not yet  
made a fatal leap.'

MAN was born a social being, and he  
must do violence to his nature, be-  
fore he can shake off those ties that link  
him to his kind. But universal philan-  
thropy, lovely as it is, must be founded  
on partial and particular attachments,  
to operate with efficient force. The  
heart that is not warmed by individual  
love and select friendship, is incapable  
of expanding to very great and exalt-

ed sentiments. It may feign, but it  
cannot feel, the generous glow of af-  
fection, the ardour of patriotism, or the  
throb of benevolence. Private attach-  
ments being then the foundation of hap-  
piness or misery, the criterion of worth,  
and the source of all that is valuable or  
dreadful in life, can too much care be  
employed in forming them, in extracting  
their sweets, and avoiding their pains?  
Few are the pleasures that we can sin-  
cerely and honorably enjoy, without the  
participation of others; but on the other  
hand, solitary misery is not worth a  
thought compared to that which the  
mind feels, when it is unfortunate thro'  
the want of love or duty in those in  
whom it has reposed its confidence; or  
when its distresses involve the objects  
of its fondest regard. A man may bear  
the stings of ingratitude or the infliction  
of wrongs, from such as he never loved;  
he may wrap himself up in self-con-  
sciousness of rectitude, and despise the  
opinion he never courted; but if the  
friend on whom he has relied is treach-  
erous; if the bosom on which he has  
leaned is false, or regardless of his peace,  
humanity can meet with no severer tri-  
al; and such poignant woe can scarcely  
admit of alleviation. To be cautious in  
forming connexions is only common pru-  
dence; to be firm in maintaining them,  
when once formed, is a duty in which  
you cannot be deficient without suffering  
as much as you inflict. *Sudden attach-  
ments* are always indiscreet, and often  
fatal. Try those in whom you wish to  
repose trust, with the nicest regard to  
their *real* and not their *specious* qualities.

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Found every affection of the mind on *principle*. Let not *beauty* pass for merit, the affected smile of complacency for good humour, nor levity for wit. Never give way to injurious opinions against any one, without the fullest conviction that they are deserved; but above all, take care never to form too partial an opinion, till you have had an opportunity of ascertaining its propriety. Young persons are apt to imagine, that the convivial companion, whose professions of regard rise with the absence of his reason, is firmly to be relied on—and that the partaker in folly will be the consoler of distress. Delusive expectations!—True friendship must be grafted on virtuous pursuits, and cemented by rational endearments. A similarity in vicious taste will form no lasting tie; it cannot bear the test of reflection. Thought will teach to despise, or make you despised, if your union is that of infamy; on the contrary, a congenial disposition for what is laudable, will reciprocally endear. Such a friendship will gain stability from the storm, and the gales of adversity will root it the deeper. Without a friend, indeed, it is impossible to know happiness; but how much misery has arisen from the prostitution of this sacred name! There are, however, ties still dearer than friendship, and of more important operation on our lives. Love, that cordial drop of bliss, that sovereign balm for woe, as it is of the first consequence to our enjoyment, so it is frequently the origin of our deepest distress. If it is placed on an unworthy object, and this discovery made too late, the heart can never more know peace. Every hour increases the torments of reflection; and hope, that soothes the severest ills, is here turned into despair; for strong must that mind be which can reconcile itself to the greatest of all human disappointments; or unfeeling it must be to disregard them! In the tender connexions, mind must assimilate to mind, to give a reasonable prospect of felicity; and after they are irrevocably fixed, the wish to oblige should anticipate the request; views, interests, pursuits—all should be mutual, and spring from a sense of duty, prompted by a

principle of love: else that state which might be productive of the purest pleasures and the highest satisfaction, would be converted to a bane and a curse.—Here negative happiness cannot exist, as far as regards cultivated minds; the brutal or the insensate may repose in the shade of indifference; but in proportion as the soul is formed for enjoyment, it will be awake to all the misery of its fate; and every neglect of the duty it has a right to expect, every perverse word, every action of stubborn contempt, will leave an impression indelible and agonizing. Even the sullen look will dim the eye of love; and the frown sink into the heart of sensibility. In a friend, virtue is an indispensable qualification; but in love, virtue must be adorned by an amiable disposition and a good temper, or it can neither deserve nor ensure regard. The qualities that most endear, are frequently the least dazzling; the smile of good humor is more impressive than the force of wit. May these desultory hints have some weight with those who are about to enter on the stage of life, and have not yet made a fatal step! They flow from a heart-felt conviction of their truth, and from an ardent wish that they may be useful.—

“Beauty, though we all approve,  
Commands our wonder more than love;  
While the agreeable strikes sure,  
And gives those wounds we cannot cure.”

MARY.

## MATILDA'S CHOICE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment, aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a more polished address, into the drawing room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them, at least, concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden who saw them both,

was puzzled where to give the preference, and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful as, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial, Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the most nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but as he by no means wished to lose to himself and his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and honor, he took the delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing he possessed,—his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them, were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark, in a jocular tone, that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this and submitted. He did not strive to violate the

rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common place lover might have done this, but Albert had no common place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recess of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom, a regard as sisterly and ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free at least for one year. Let us for that period stand committed by no engagement; we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war from a thunder-cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and valorous arose and walled her in with veteran breast. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with regard to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merits of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalry was suspected.

The scene must now change. The action at Quitra Aras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are before break of day moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert and not Horace is at the head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's bright beams gleam in the front, while dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but just strength enough to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. "On, ye brave, on!"

The edges of the battle join. The scream, the shout, the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingle in deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood flows away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after this eventful bat-

tle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were in the drawing room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying down her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—"read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled.—He thought that she had not felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend. A few days after a Belgium officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at the table.—Immediately she entered the room—the officer started and took every opportunity of gazing on her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature which Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer, by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously wound-

ded, at a farm house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by that miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Col. Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it really with the hope of returning it to its proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, after the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"It is Albert, and he is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breastplate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took

place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The recollections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, while the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future.—He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication—confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, he was so humble, so desponding, so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hand of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more.

The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and these few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda.—She remembered the broken miniature, and supposed him to be long and ardently attached to another.



It was on a summer evening; there was no other company; the sun was setting in glorious splendor. After dinner Matilda had retired only to the window, to enjoy, she said, that prospect the drawing room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What, fully, truly, and unreservedly?" said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence or no offence?" said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could this tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:

"I loved but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer: but my actions, honor bade me control, and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied him; and, impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist, a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and, when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze on the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle-day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was con-

scious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then.

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow-soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to the original of this my bosom's loved companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed gracefully, and thus continued,—“While I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature—the double case, even my flesh was penetrated, and the blood soiled the image of that beauty, for whose protection it would have joyed to flow.

"The shattered case, the broken, the blood stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life itself shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda in a low but distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud, "Albert! this shall never leave my bosom. O my well—my long beloved!"

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, while one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—"a father's heart-felt blessing."

# WESTERN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

FAR onward towards the setting sun,  
We are bound upon our way,  
Nor till each lingering day is done,  
Our toilsome march we stay:  
We're traveling on, a pilgrim band,  
Another home to find,  
Remote from that dear native land  
We now have left behind.

The clime we seek is rich and fair,  
As blessed isles of yore,  
And lovelier prospects open there  
Than e'er was seen before.  
Vast plains spread out on every side,  
Stretch to the sloping skies;  
Broad rivers roll in tranquil pride,  
And towering forests rise.

There smiling uplands catch the beams  
Of pearly morn serene,  
Gay verdant meadows fringe the streams  
That silvery wind between;  
Of every hue, and sweet perfume,  
Wild flowers luxuriant spring,  
While birds, with varied note and plume,  
'Mid bowers of Nature sing.

But cherish'd land! 'tis painful still  
To quit thy much-loved shore,  
For fears our sorrowing bosoms fill—  
We ne'er may see thee more.  
Yet thy green hills and sunny vales,  
Those scenes of childhood all—  
How oft, till recollection fails,  
Fond memory shall recall!

For there are faithful ones endeared,  
By nature's tenderest ties,  
Whose cordial smiles so oft have cheered  
Life's burdening miseries.  
Comrades, whom first in youth we knew,  
In that bright region dwell;  
Friends whom we proved in perils true—  
We bid them all farewell!

The joy must fade which most delights  
The fond enraptured heart,  
And souls, that friendship's chain unites,  
Must still be torn apart:  
With home unstable, doomed by fate,  
Like wand'ers o'er the main,  
From dearest friends we separate,  
Never to meet again.

Yet still these woes we will not grieve,  
Nor at our lot repine,  
And what we're forced for e'er to leave,  
We'll quietly resign.  
Then onward to the distant west—

Our journey soon shall close;  
Then will we seek a place of rest,  
And from our toils repose. J. S. B.

## THE CRUEL FATHER.

[Inserted by request of a friend.]

WHEN traveling in the state of New York, in the spring of 1831, I called at an inn, in the vicinity of Buffalo, for entertainment. A numerous company of men had resorted thither to spend the evening in mirth, which they were exciting by frequent libations of brandy and other stimulating draughts. I listened a few moments to the conversation which seemed to amuse the greater part of the loquacious circle; but the topics were numerous, transient, and of no importance, wearying the ear without pleasing the taste or improving the mind.

I was about retiring from the tumult of bar-room slang, to enjoy the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, in an evening walk, to which the calmness and delightful temperature of the air invited, when my attention was arrested by a singular personage who did not seem to participate in the jollity of the circle, but was muttering something concerning his father. His frightful image bore the insignia of better days. His voice soon became more distinct, and I could hear incoherent but sublime sentences escaping him, which convinced me that the ruins of taste, genius and high literary attainment were floating through the shattered brain of this wretched man. After listening a short time to his strange expressions, I asked my host if the gentleman resided in that vicinity; to which he replied:

"The gentleman is a traveler—has a fine horse and carriage—a servant—a quantity of fine clothing, and plenty of money—designs to tarry a few days.—He drinks brandy rather freely."

I inquired into his conduct for the few days he had been there.

"He does not rave," said my host, "but appears like a man whose reason is shattered—will converse but little—appears more rational in the morning than in the evening."

I made no inquiry as to the means by

which the landlord had discovered the amount of his money, and quality and quantity of his clothing, but listened to hear something more from this strange man. He remained silent, however, for some minutes. His person, dress, and conduct were so strikingly singular, that I made an effort to obtain from him some sketches of his history. I asked him if he had leisure and disposition for a conversation of a few moments' length with me, as I presumed he was not interested by the common-place expressions and obscene jests of the company. He paused a moment—looked somewhat wild at first, but soon assumed a more composed and familiar aspect, and replied :

"Sir, you are a young man with whom I have no acquaintance, but I shall be happy to converse with you an hour; it will relieve me of many unpleasant reflections, which seldom permit me to sleep sweetly, enjoy pleasure, or even ease of mind. But name the subject upon which you wish to converse; I presume you are partial to some particular subject of importance, as you requested the interview."

I asked him if the subject of his history would be at our pleasure. He was lost for a moment in deep thought. I begged pardon for introducing a subject which might be afflictive to his feelings. "Your politeness, sir, is agreeable, but this expression of it is uncalled for," said he; "the suggestion was proper, as it left me the privilege of accepting or rejecting." He continued, "Sir, a conversation on that subject will do me little good, but it may be interesting and instructive to you, for it will make you acquainted with the infernal frauds which human nature sometimes practices, and with which your young and buoyant spirits never yet were damped; for if I may read your history in your countenance, it is dissimilar to mine; but let us prepare for this interview by a glass of brandy."

The poor man's breath was already polluted by the liquid poison of which he spoke as a preparative for conversation. With difficulty I persuaded him to waive drinking, till the conversation might end. He then conducted us, (my-

self and a gentleman in whose company I was traveling,) to his room. He then gave us a brief narrative of his life from fifteen to the time now alluded to; the substance of which was as follows :

"At the age of fifteen I was sent to an academy twenty miles distant from my native home, by an exceedingly rich and spirited father, in whose parental tenderness I placed the most implicit confidence. Every thing that could add to the innocent pleasure, and facilitate the improvement of youth, was to be found in this delightful situation. The academy was attended by various gentlemen from numerous states. The principal assistants were superlatively agreeable, and of very high literary character. In this situation three months passed without an intervening cloud to obscure the brightness of future prospect, or damp the pleasure of the present. In that short period my buoyant thoughts rushed into the future and sought out periods in coming time, in which I should be learned, beloved, far-famed, useful to the world, and happy. While my fancy thus played on silken wings, in that space through which coming years were to roll, I was happy—happy. Oh! yes, but those days are gone; I shall be happy no more."

Here he paused some time. All his soul seemed to be laboring under a load of deep despondency. His whole frame shook feebly; his cheek grew pale; his eye turned on me with the anxiety of a man struggling with death. However, he soon composed himself and resumed the narrative.

"During the first year of my academic course, (said he) I formed an acquaintance with, and contracted a friendship for, a young lady of a neighboring boarding school. With her I spent much time very pleasantly. She soon became the mistress of my heart. She was the companion of my walks, the repository for my affections, and the anticipated partner of a man, with the wreck of whom you now hold converse.

"During four years which I spent in that situation, our mutual love became fixed, and I lived only for her for whom I have died a thousand deaths; and none but he in whose heart the last emotion



of sympathy had become extinct, could have attempted the hellish plot that has blasted all my hopes; yet no less than a *father* has done this deed of death! He has turned a son into a fiend, who shall, like the Promethean vulture, prey upon his undying heart, and heighten the long, long, lingering horrors of eternal night, with the undying exclamation, *Thy son—thy son—thy maniac son—made such by thee!*"

He paused. An awful yell escaped him. His eye kindled with passion's fire, and he seemed to suffer mental agony which froze the blood—made every muscle terse, and spread a ghastly paleness over his face. It was momentary, however, and he soon collected his thoughts sufficiently to continue, but in a melancholy strain, thus:

"What adverse storms have clouded my every prospect and destroyed my youthful ardor; what a tempest of disappointment has blown out the lamp of joy, hurled the pilot reason from the helm, and left the immortal mind to wreck itself on life's tempest-driven sea! At the age of nineteen I left school, returned to my father, and proposed entering into business. My proposition met his approbation. I was placed in his wholesale store as assistant clerk. After spending a year in learning the lessons of accuracy, despatch and punctual attention, with the other necessary requisites for a merchant, I was to enter into business in Philadelphia under my father's name, till I was twenty-one, and then under my own. Near the close of this year of apprenticeship my father was informed (not by me, however,) of the correspondence I was holding with Miss ———, and immediately made himself acquainted with her circumstances. Upon being assured that she was not rich, (O cursed epithet!) he resolved to break the ties of sacred friendship, whose consequences are in part known to you by their memento, now before you.

"My father repaired to the store one evening after the usual hour for closing the business of the day, and informed me of the knowledge he had obtained of the lady of my choice. Many and spirited

were his exertions to break the bond of love that bound our hearts in unison, urging as a reason the poverty and obscurity of her I loved; at the same time pointing out another whose hand I could obtain. She was rich and had the name of honor: her father being admiral of the navy. But treasures of gold and baubles of fame cannot regulate pure, disinterested affection. I told him that my fate was inseparably bound with that of *one* lady and *one* only; with her I would live or for her I would die. Upon finding me inexorable, he clothed his countenance in smiles and said, 'Well, William, if you are determined, I will trouble you no farther. Go to Philadelphia and procure a stand, while I make arrangements for the merchandise.' We then conversed freely—(O! my father! I converse with thee no more as a son, but as a fiend!) I left home, reposing all possible confidence in a father who till then never deceived me.

"During a short stay of three months my father informed Miss ——— that I had fled the country; that I told him I never loved her; that he could now obtain no information of me,—then, out of pretended pity to her, he told her he would accomplish a match between her and a former lover, if it were her wish. 'The gentleman was respectable and in comfortable circumstances. She at first refused. My father addressed several letters to her in my name, assuring her that I was *not* serious in my professions of love. He bribed a post-office clerk to his interest, and thereby intercepted my letters. The lady at last overcame with disappointment and by the entreaties of her friends, married a man she never loved, and removed with him to Boston. My father gave the young man a large sum of money to accomplish the wedding and removal in two months, it being one month before my return.

"I returned, and told my father I had found a situation—had made conditional purchase. He inquired the conditions. I informed him. He was pleased with the purchase, and said he would advance the money—expressed much joy at my favorable prospects—said Heaven had been frugal in the bestowment of *sons*

to him, ('for I am an only son,' said he) but he hoped his declining years would find a staff in me on which to lean with ease and pleasure. All my soul was absorbed in love and tenderness to him whom I thought the best of parents. He told me the lady of whom he spoke in a previous conversation, was waiting my return—had been consulted and would grant me her hand. I thought it but a joke, and said I hoped she would have patience to wait till I asked her for her hand, which, by the by, would never be. 'Not so bad,' said he; 'the daughter of poverty and obscurity with whom you deigned to correspond in love affairs, is married and out of the county, and I flatter myself that you will not neglect your own interest and happiness, and the happiness of your friends, by refusing to take the hand of a lady so fair, so wealthy and honorable.'

"I asked him if he was serious, to which he answered in the affirmative. I left him abruptly and rode in haste to the once happy home of her I loved. As I entered the room, amazement filled every face—a silence which verified my father's narration prevailed. After the family had a little recovered from surprise, the old gentleman stated the facts as well as he knew them. I listened till my burning soul broke reason's sway, and for a time was eased of woe in maniac insensibility. But the unwelcome sun of a returning day brought sense and reason and recollection back, to sting this poor mind again, though disappointment had already struck the blow whose wound will soon be fatal."

He paused and gazed on vacancy—his eye burned with vengeance. He forgot himself, and began speaking to a lady, whose name was indistinctly uttered. After a few moments in which he seemed conversing with a ruined friend, he raised a cry of vengeance, uttering sentences never to be forgotten—*too* horrible to relate, and concluded the awful harangue thus:

"Now my hungry, dying soul will glut itself and take its exit. Now, ungrateful father, prepare for thy doom—I come. I will chase away the darkness of this night from thy sleepless eyes with

the torch of blazing terror, and shake thy rest-seeking spirit with the horrid yells of a convoy of grinning furies, to bear thee safe from all hindrance, to that world of undying death where I may glut eternal vengeance on thy ceaseless pain. Such victory over thee will make hell a palace, and secure me a share in the wholesome sway of devils."

He stopped—looked wildly round the room—broke out in a horrid laugh more satanic than human, and then his eye fell on me. He again recollected himself, and wept bitterly. His sufferings broke open the fountain of my pity, and I wept freely.

He said, "Your tears are welcome, they assist my own effusions in the suppression of the most poignant grief." In a moment he ceased to weep, and said he could not weep or feel the ruin of his own mind, but for a moment; for his fine sensibility was broken, but its fragments would often move and then expire; he thought the last remaining one had now spent its last energy, and was expiring—his last pang was over, and when reason should again flee, which he hoped would be soon, he should be happy with the maniac notion that he was tormenting his cruel father.

I asked him if he would finish the history?

"If there is not much more to tell I will," said he, "but I do not know where I left off."

I informed him, and he resumed his tale of woe by saying,

"I returned to my father's house, and found him pale and anxious in a room where hung two fencing weapons. It is a pastime for men to fence in my native state. I caught one and thought to kill him, but some person caught my arm, wrested the weapon from me and escaped the room. My father caught his sword from the wall, and commanded peace and submission on pain of death. I bared my bosom and bade him stab. I knelt and prayed that he would end the sufferings he had rashly inflicted on an only son, by bathing his uplifted sword in the boiling blood of my bursting heart. The sword fell from his

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hand—his frame trembled—his face was clad in the pallid hue of death—he reeled down on the sofa, but could not speak. I arose, but did not stab him—why I knew not, for I did not, could not pity. He wept—saw the ruin he had wrought, and prayed for pardon. I told him my soul had bled away its sympathy at the wound his cursed plot had made.”

His brain began to swim again—he said,

“I must close this story by telling you, that in order to recover what never can be recovered, a healthy, happy mind, my father furnished me as I am, and requested me to travel, giving me checks on several banks through the country, that I might not suffer in case I should lose money, or accidents should happen. But he gave me more money than I shall ever use. My journey to another world is short, if brandy will terminate a man’s existence.

“I have written to, and been answered by the abused lady of my choice. A consummation will soon terminate her woes. I have a packet for my cursed father—may it excite eternal sorrow in his soul!

“My nights are wretched beyond comparison. I sleep but little. The sickly, waning spirit of my much loved but ruined friend, saunters through my chamber all the tedious night. Her piteous, dolorous wail is too much—too much——”

Here he was lost in rage and grief alternately, until his servant requested us to leave him. I saw him in the morning; he was pale and melancholy. I had a little conversation with him, quite interesting, but time and place require its omission.

Notwithstanding this scene took place more than four years since, I cannot contemplate it without emotions of sympathetic sorrow. Was the passion of love bestowed on mankind for no better purpose than their destruction? Ought a parent to assume the superintendency over the affections of his children in matrimonial affairs? Was the passion love bestowed on us to subserve the caprices of the old, or to facilitate the happiness

of the possessor, and for the general good of mankind? Parent, you may deceive and baffle the designs of your children in their matrimonial affairs, but consider the consequences. Count the cost before you commence. The parent of the wretched being whose case I have been treating, succeeded; but it proved the ruin of an only son, which was a sacrifice beyond the price of millions!

S. CHAFFEE.

### SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

On fame’s proud summit, there it glows,  
All glittering in its pride;  
The honor’d steel that clung in war  
Close to the hero’s side.

Thrice honor’d still, the proudest blade  
That warrior ever drew;  
In virtue’s name ’t was sanctified,  
In virtue’s cause ’t was true.

It rose the Revolution’s light,  
A glowing, burning star;  
And ray’d its lustre far above  
The stormy tide of war.

From Bunker’s hill to Yorkton’s heights  
A fearful flame it spread;  
And freedom’s phalanx, firmly join’d,  
To victory it led.

A boasting tyrant’s hireling troops,  
Swept like a maddened flood;  
By strength and stratagem essayed  
To quench its light in blood.

As well the vapours of the deep,  
By furious whirlwinds driven,  
Might seek behind their wrath and ire  
To hide the light of heav’n.

Proud steel! the warrior hand that drew  
Thee shining from thy sheath,  
Baptized thy edge in freedom’s fane  
For liberty or death.

The warrior soul that gave thee fame,  
At freedom’s altar caught  
The hallowed zeal that bore him through  
The storm with perils fraught.

He waved thee o’er the little band,  
Whose bloody footprints told,  
In freemen’s nerves ’t were better trust,  
Than in a despot’s gold.

He waved thee o’er the injured few,  
That dared the despot’s frown;

And sought beneath the stripes and stars  
A holier renown.

Thou art a star in freedom's sky,  
The world's keen gaze is on  
The land that thou hast lifted up,  
Whose honors thou hast won.

Still may she hold her envied height,  
'Till other nations join  
Beneath the flag of liberty,  
To rear their freedom-shrine.

Shine on, proud star! the storm is past,  
And freedom's home's at ease,  
The spangled flag floats gaily now  
On heaven's willing breeze.

Baltimore.

J. N. M.

### FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A FEW years ago, a celebrated physician, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he had asserted, by the experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family, had obtained leave of the minister, that he should suffer death some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution, and that the easiest death he could die would be blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition which would otherwise be made of him, and rejoicing at thus being able to spare the feelings of his friends and family.

At the time appointed the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms, with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains, filled with water, from which issued small streams, falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking it was his blood that trickled into the

basins, became weaker by degrees; and the remarks of medical men in attendance, in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention,) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until at length his voice was scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountain, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, and, although before a very strong man, he died without having lost a single drop of blood.—*Le Camoleon.*

### PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY WIRT.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side.— Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed!—The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago.— Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a

man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faulted, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief.—The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to

let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rosseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood,



which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Savior as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in another orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced, by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified, to stoop to artifice.—Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is, not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character that he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence: the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being

of a former age; or of a totally different nature from the rest of men.

Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell*! Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia?

Written for the Rose of the Valley.

### THE SISTERS.

Like fair twin roses, side by side they grew,  
Each lovely in itself, but lovelier still  
Thus closely link'd, glittering in light and dew,  
Or quivering in each breeze with one same thrill.

Anonymous.

WHY, yes—the world is rather a sad one, as our moralists say; but, after all, it is not so altogether bad. *The trail of the serpent is not upon every flower.* The sounds of life are not all discords. Pestilence, mildew, blight may be borne upon the breeze: but with it there are still odors and balm. The wail of sorrow, the harsh notes of jarring interests and stormy passions, may come upon the ear; but to him who will listen, and in whose heart there are correspondent strings, there is, amid all the din of life, an under tone of holiest music. Folly may stretch her sceptre over the earth, seeming to blight all that is fairest and brightest, and crime may stride haughtily and darkly through the world, spreading desolation and ruin amid its highest places. But these are not the only powers to whom it is given to rule it. Their wide dominion is shared by a power, noiseless in its sway, but mighty even in its gentleness. Love is still among us, holding its blessed rule in the secret nooks and quiet recesses of life, and still sending abroad in its influence throughout all the wide strife of the universe, a token and a pledge of a better land. But where am I wandering? I sat down merely to tell my young friends a story. It is the young and lovely, I suppose, to whom the Rose of the Valley is espe-

cially dedicated; and when will the young and the lovely stop for idle moralizing, if a ramble into the bright world of fiction is before them? *Of fiction*—and *must* a story, then, to please the ardent and imaginative—must it invariably be drawn from the regions of fancy? Cannot we find something to interest us along the real paths of life? Come: we will not pause along its stormy and desecrated highways, but let us go into those hidden nooks I spoke of, where the affections are permitted to put forth their blossoms, and see whether we can find no pictures of touching beauty there to awake our feelings. To me the quiet home sanctuary is always a place of romance. It is the court of Love; not of that passion whose empire is as fearful as it is dazzling, but of quiet, domestic love, that principle which flings a glory over all things. The shadows of the cypress may darken it—sorrow, suffering and death may be there, but still it is a place of holiness, a spot where the history of pure hearts can alone be traced. Many a scene is there passing, of which the gay world takes little note, but which is marked by all that is deepest and most sacred in our nature.

It was to such a scene as this I meant to conduct you. It embraced a story, simple indeed, but belonging to the annals of innocence and virtuous trial. It is of two sisters, Lucy and Elizabeth Marsden. I give you their real names: for why should I fling a veil over lives that were spotless as untrodden snows?

They were only children, and the whole fathomless wealth of parental love was poured out upon their childhood. For years, not a passing cloud dimmed the brightness of their destiny; unless the habitually delicate health of Lucy might have been considered as such.—But even this seemed only like the tremulous shadow of summer foliage, giving but a tenderer beauty to the day's golden light. Elizabeth loved her sister but the more intensely for her pale cheek and feeble step, and Lucy derived from the compassionate glance, the gentle watchfulness and affectionate support of Elizabeth, a rich equivalent for all the

privileges of the highest health. But it is not sunshine alone that can bring the young plant to perfection; and these fair blossoms were to be nurtured for immortality.

The cloud and the storm at last came. Mrs. Marsden died—the mother, whose faultless example and tender precepts had already planted in their young hearts the germs of piety and virtue, and whose love no other tie of earth could restore to them. Nor did the blow come alone—it involved another perhaps equally bitter. They were now to be separated. Mr. Marsden felt himself unequal to the highly delicate charge which was left him in his orphan daughters; and they were to be consigned to the care of maternal relatives, living in distant sections of the country, till ripening womanhood should enable them to take their place as superintendents of his household. They were literally torn asunder; and they, who for so many years had bound up together the wreaths of spring, or rambled side by side over the bright and green domain of summer, now beheld season after season return, bereft of that companionship which had made the fair earth yet fairer to their childhood's vision.

But the long protracted season of reunion at last arrived. Lucy, the younger, who had nearly attained her eighteenth year, had been for some months re-established under the paternal roof; but Elizabeth had been detained by a lingering illness of the aunt, who had taken the place of her lost parent, and to whom she felt bound, both by affection and gratitude. The health of this friend was, however, at last restored, and she was now able to obey the parental summons, which certain events had of late rendered more than ever urgent. Lucy but waited the supporting presence of her sister, to consummate at the altar her vows to one who had first taught her “the trembling music of her own young heart.”

Hexly Everet was one in whom the brightest and proudest gifts of nature were united; but fortune had been more niggardly, and it was only through the slow toils of professional industry that he

could hope to obtain even a moiety of her favors. To this perhaps he would have had sufficient incentive in the lofty impulses of his own ardent spirit; but in the first blush of her spring-time loveliness, he had become acquainted with Lucy Marsden, and from that moment there was planted in his soul a never sleeping motive, urging him still on—on to exertion, with a voice far stronger than that of ambition.

A few years passed—ages indeed they seemed to Hexly: but they finally rolled by, and he was at last able without humiliation to disclose those hopes, with which the veiled depths of Lucy's soft eyes, telling but too truly of the dreamy tenderness of an almost unconscious passion, had inspired him. Nothing was now wanting to fill their measure of happiness but the arrival of Elizabeth, and this arrival was momentarily expected.—Momentous, however, as was the event dependent upon it, and intense as was the sentiment with which Lucy regarded her betrothed, yet the delight with which she anticipated the meeting with her sister, was an abstract feeling. One sole thought gradually took possession of her soul—*Elizabeth is coming*—the sister of her childhood; and then her memory ran back over all the days of that golden period, when side by side they knelt to receive their mother's blessing, when they

“Still slept together—

Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;

And wheresoe'er they went, like Juno's swans,

Were ever coupled and inseparable.”

And yet Lucy's lover was beside her, and his voice, whose slightest tone was wont to thrill her whole frame with emotion, was upon her ear.

“I am almost jealous of your sweet sister, Lucy,” said Hexly, as his dark eye rested with intense fondness on the lovely girl, whose earnest gaze was momentarily turned towards the road upon which Elizabeth was expected. Time had wrought a striking change in the appearance of Lucy. No one could have now traced in form, look or motion, the slightest indication of that feebleness,

which had marked her childhood. Her step bounded with health; her figure, though small, was exquisitely rounded; her complexion brilliant; her hair like a flood of tangible light, and her eyes—oh, so full of happiness! and yet soft, deep and clouded, like shaded waters.

“Come,” said Hexly, winding his arm gently around her, “this beloved Elizabeth will not be here probably these two hours; give me one more look if it be only in mercy, to petrify me with its coldness beyond the power of feeling. See,” he continued, drawing her to the glass, “when did ever my presence impress such joy upon that radiant face, as the expectation of a mere sister?”

“A mere sister, Hexly! Are you not ashamed of the term? But you know nothing of the tie, and therefore I forgive you. But remember, that I shall expect you to regard Elizabeth as a sister, and to love her as I do. I am very glad that you already know her, so that you may begin at once. But, Hexly, you have never told me *how well* you knew my sister, though I have heard you speak of your sojourn in her neighborhood so often.”

“Oh, I knew her *perfectly* at first sight. How could she be at all a stranger whose voice, smile and glance were all yours. And yet her resemblance to you is not perhaps remarkable; but she was certainly enough like you to be very—very lovely; and had I not left my heart in your ungrateful keeping, it must have been sadly periled in one brief intercourse. In truth, Lucy, I did almost anticipate your injunction to love her—for apart from her sweet self, and the looks and tones that reminded me of you, she often talked of you to me, and though her manners were slightly marked with,—I hardly know whether to call it reserve or sadness, I could always draw her out when I spoke of her sister. Need I tell you, Lucy, how eagerly I sought her converse? or how much I wished to tell her what I myself felt for one so dear to her? There were times, indeed, when her usual reserve would in the length of our interview sometimes melt like a cold mist away from her, and her soft voice stole into my heart with

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the music of your own, that I was upon the verge of telling her all that I had so painfully forborne telling you—ah! even in our parting hour. But so strong was my resolve to win at least the vestibule of fame and competence, before I disclosed the amount of my presumption, that I always overmastered the impulse, and we parted without—”

Hexly might have continued speaking, had he required no listener; but Lucy's speaking face no longer evidenced that she heard him. The distant sound of carriage wheels had reached her ear, and the next moment she sprung from his side. Hexly would have followed her, but Lucy's glad voice had rung through the household, and Mr. Marsden had already joined her to meet his child. Joy—joy—joy! Elizabeth had come; and Hexly felt that, at such a moment, even his presence would be only oppressive.

They have met, that long severed family band, and Hexly, though he had sought a few moments recess in the library, still beheld the scene, and felt how holy were those ties which time might not weaken, nor separation unbind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,

And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;

Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,

On its leaves a mystic language bears.—*Percival.*

FLOWERS are certainly among the most beautiful productions of nature.—They excite a lively interest in pure and tasteful minds, and consequently, their cultivation has always been a favorite pursuit of many persons, and they have also been the constant theme of poetical illustration. So strong and natural is the interest excited by them, that even national manners and customs in all countries, and all ages, have derived from them some of their most significant traits.

The Olive branch has been consecrated to peace; Palm branches to victory; the Laurel to conquest and poetry; the Myrtle to love and pleasure; the Cypress to mourning, and the Willow to

despondency. The crown of victors in athletic exercises were frequently composed of Oak leaves. The Oak itself was, with the Mistletoe, regarded as sacred by the ancient Britons. The most honorable reward of the Roman patriot was the *civic crown*, composed of unwreathed Oak leaves. The Ivy and the Vine were associated with festive mirth.

### LAUREL.

The fabled origin of the Laurel is this: Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, offended by the persecutions of Apollo, implored succor of the gods, who changed her into a *Laurel tree*. Apollo crowned his head with leaves, and ordered that forever after, the tree should be sacred to him; but when bestowed on the conqueror, it is only to be considered that he deserves immortality from Apollo's children. A crown of Laurel was given by the Greeks to their athletes; and by the Romans, to those who negotiated a peace.

### MYRTLE.

The fabled origin of the Myrtle, so named, is from Myrsine, or Myrene, a Grecian female, and priestess in the temple of Venus. She was a great favorite of Minerva; and Venus, as a proof of her regard, changed her into a *Myrtle*, which at the same time she decreed should be green throughout the year.—The beauty of the leaf, the flower, and the tree, have ever been celebrated.

The Myrtle grows naturally in Asia, Africa, and the South of Europe; and flourishes best near the sea-coast. Myrtle was the symbol of authority for Magistrates in Athens.

### CYPRESS.

Tradition gives the Cypress a mournful origin, and we find it ever devoted to mournful thoughts, or sad solemnities. From Ovid we learn that *Cyparissus*, son of Telephus of Cea, was beloved by Apollo. Having accidentally killed the favorite stag of his friend, he grieved, pined, and dying, was changed by Apollo into a Cypress tree.

“The Cypress tree is tall and straight, having bitter leaves. The shade and smell were said to be dangerous, hence the Romans looked on it as a fatal tree.

and made use of it at funerals. It is an evergreen; the wood is heavy, of rather a fragrant smell; is not liable to be attacked by insects, and does not speedily decay."

Harris says, "the gates of St. Peter's church at Rome, which had lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Eugene IV. that is to say 1100 years, were of Cypress wood, and had in all that time suffered no decay."

Pity, the offspring of Love and Sorrow, wore on her head a garland composed of her father's Myrtles and her mother's Cypress.

The Willow requires a moist soil, usually growing on the borders of small streams and rivers. Virgil informs us that in olden times, the Willow was the badge of mourning, worn by herdsmen and shepherds.

#### IVY.

In Egypt the Ivy was consecrated to Osiris, who, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world.

Among the Romans we find the Ivy composing the poet's crown and memorial.

Female dependence and constancy, have, in modern times, been expressed by the beautiful Ivy.

—The Oak has fallen!  
And the young Ivy bush, which learned to climb

By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Almond. Indiscretion.

Aloe. Grief.

Amaranth. Immortality.

Angelica. Inspiration.

Apple Blossom. Preference.

Balsam. Impertinence.

Bramble. Envy.

Burdock. Touch me not.

Catchfly. Snare.

Cherry tree. Good education.

Columbine. Folly.

Cypress. Mourning.

Daffodil. Self-love.

Daisy. Innocence.

Dock. Patience.

Fennel. Strength.

Flower-de-Luce. Flame.

Forget-me-not. Forget me not.

Geranium, pencilled. Ingenuity.

Geranium, rose-scented. Preference.

—, scarlet. Stupidity.

—, sorrowful. Melancholy.

—, wild. Steadfast piety.

Hawthorn. Hope.

Heart's-ease. Think of me.

Holly. Foresight.

Hollyhock. Ambition.

Hyacinth. Game, play.

Honeysuckle. Generous and devoted affection.

Ice-plant. Your looks freeze me.

Ivy. Friendship.

Jonquil. Desire.

Juniper. Protection.

Laurel. Glory.

Lavender. Mistrust.

Lilac. First emotions of love.

—, white. Youth.

Marigold. Grief.

Mistletoe. I surmount all difficulties.

Myrtle. Love.

Periwinkle. Tender recollections.

Pineapple. You are perfect.

Pink, red. Pure love.

—, yellow. Disdain.

—, white. Ingenuousness.

Poppy. Consolation.

Peach Blossom. I am your captive.

Rose, red. Love.

—, hundred leaved. Grace.

—, monthly. Beauty ever new.

—, musk. Capricious beauty.

—, single. Simplicity.

—, white. Silence.

—, withered. Fleeting beauty.

—, yellow. Infidelity.

—, cinnamon. Love at first sight.

Rosebud, white. A heart unacquainted with love.

Rosemary. Your presence revives me.

Saffron. Beware of excess.

Snowdrop. Hope.

Straw, broken. Rupture of a contract.

Straw, whole. Union.

Sunflower. False riches.

Sycamore. Curiosity.

Thorn-apple. Deceitful charms.

Tulip. Declaration of love.

Willow, weeping. Mourning.

—AND—

ROSE OF THE VALLEY! To enrich  
the mind.



## DIVINE IMPRESS.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,  
But heaven has placed it there.

At early dawn there's not a gale  
Across the landscape driv'n,  
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,  
That is not sent by heav'n.

There's not of grass a single blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,  
And heavenly wisdom seen,

There's not a tempest dark and dread,  
Or storm that rends the air,  
Or blast, that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,  
But heav'n's own voice is there.

There's not a star, whose twinkling light  
Illumes the distant earth:  
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,  
But mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud, whose dew distill  
Upon the parching clod,  
And clothes with verdure, vale and hill,  
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,  
In ocean, deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found,  
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There heav'n displays its boundless love,  
And power with mercy blends.

## AN OLD MAN'S OFFERING.

I AM past the meridian of life—my days  
are in the yellow leaf—and ere long I  
shall have passed away to mingle with  
the vast multitude who have already float-  
ed down the stream of time to the un-  
changeable and eternal world. Yet age  
is not necessarily morose. The decay  
that leads us with infirmities, renders  
them more supportable by blunting the  
sensibilities, both of the mind and body.  
Desire for the pleasures of life, is as tran-  
sient as the capability to enjoy them, and  
hence it is, that we e'er look upon the  
brightest scenes of our youthful days,  
without one fond regret that they are gone  
forever.

Youth is constantly termed the happi-  
est period of life, but experience does not  
verify the assertion. My recollections  
of childhood are very vivid, and in my  
"fancy's wanderings," I frequently re-  
visit the scenes of its enjoyments and its  
sorrows, and I am convinced that there  
is no period more chequered with weal  
and woe, than that in which we are said  
to be "free from care." The great se-  
cret of human happiness is *contentment*,  
and we are at no time so dissatisfied with  
the present, nor do we ever paint the  
future in such gaudy colors as in ear-  
ly youth. In the morning of life, we  
look out upon the world and think it  
beautiful—we look forward to manhood  
and fancy it the age of enjoyment. But  
when our hopes are blighted by disap-  
pointment; when we find that the rain-  
bow of our promised peace, was but the  
delusive coloring, shed by the star of  
hope upon clouds of sorrow and tears of  
grief—then we recoil upon the past, and  
forgetful of the vain anticipations and  
restless desires, that marred our youthful  
hours, we indulge in senseless regret for  
a period whose return is impossible and  
even undesirable.

How often do we hear persons envy-  
ing the condition of the infant, that sleeps  
away its existence upon its mother's lap?  
And with what propriety? Surely, there  
is no season in which we experience less  
actual pleasure—and none when the  
body and mind are more alive to pain-  
ful impressions.

I would rather envy the dog his dreams,  
than the babe its slumbers.

All the observations I have been able  
to make during a pilgrimage of 80 years,  
have resulted in the conviction, that all  
sublunary things are regulated in the uni-  
versal law of "*compensation*." Every  
period of life has pleasures and pains pe-  
culiar to it, and they are always in ac-  
curate proportion. One man may have a  
bodily infirmity, that would seem to  
mark him as a subject of extraordinary  
affliction, yet upon close inspection, it  
will be found that he is compensated by  
the possession of some unusual powers  
that place him as far above the general-  
ity of men, in one respect, as in others  
he falls below them.

The same law obtains, with regard to the various situations in which men are placed. The sceptred monarch, on his gorgeous throne, is not more happy than the toil-worn peasant, who has no wish beyond a blazing hearth and an early couch. He who has never known the sting of penury, cannot appreciate the joys of wealth, and in the midst of adulation, the heart sickens for sympathy, and yearns for a friend. Nor is the lot of the peasant to be envied. Though his sorrows are few, his pleasures are less. He knows nothing of the value of mind—knowledge has no charm for him; his whole being is absorbed in the daily round of his ill-requited labour, and his imagination cannot paint a better heaven than perfect inactivity.

Each one should be contented with his condition, for, in the great day of accounts, it will be seen that we have shared equally the pleasures, as well as the sorrows of life.

#### THE SOLDIER'S BIBLE.

THE regiment into which Capt. Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory, and Helen, his young wife, was too sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets—even on their parting she had striven not to unman him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action. Could an uninterested observer have gazed on the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many ere sunset would have gone to their final account; and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her Walter might be among the number. The distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn. With them did Helen sit during that long day, sad and silent, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always marked her character. She could have smiled at the volubility of her companions, who never ceased

speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flemish. But it made her the more sad; she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony of suspense, the fear of hearing Walter was among the fallen!—Her beauty and girlish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was in the field of battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions, and many were the hopes they expressed, in French, that Captain Leslie might return in safety. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterizes a continental summer; and Helen still sat in all the agony of suspense. The action ceased, random firing succeeded the constant and fearful din of war, yet still Captain Leslie returned not. She was roused from the state of stupor into which she had fallen, by the sound of approaching footsteps, and some soldiers entered the barn, with a wounded officer. It was with scarcely definable feelings that Helen found it was not her husband, but a young officer of the same regiment. For a few minutes every other feeling seemed lost in the anxious attention necessary for the severe wound of the sufferer. Helen had, fortunately, provided every thing necessary; with the kindest gentleness she dressed the officer's wounds, and then attempted to restore him to consciousness; her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a restorative, and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him.

Helen, with eager earnestness, exclaimed, 'Walter! where is he?' Mr Grant turned his head away; he could not bear the sight of the agony he knew his answer must inflict. 'Speak! in mercy tell me that Leslie is safe!' Helen paused a moment, and then continued, 'I know it all. Walter is dead!' There was a frightful calmness in her manner; no tear escaped her. 'Did you see him fall?' she asked at length; 'tell me all, it will do me good; I feel as if tears would cool this scorching pain,' she said, pressing her hand to her bosom.

Mr. Grant complied. He felt that tears would relieve her. 'I was at his

side,' said he, 'a moment before he fell. He had taken a small pocket Bible from his breast; had pressed it to his lips.' Helen covered her face with her hands. 'It was the Bible I gave him on our wedding day,' she gasped—'Tell me, tell me all.' 'If I fall, Grant, give this to my wife,' he said. I laughed at his forebodings. 'You will return,' I said, 'to tell her of the events of this day.' Before he could reply, we were summoned to action. A few minutes after a shot struck him and he fell. Helen burst into an agony of tears, and for some minutes continued silent; at length her resolution seemed to be taken. She came to the couch on which Mr. Grant was lying, and begged him to describe the spot where her husband fell. She received the description in silence. A few minutes after she had stolen from the small inn yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a mere child, and there had been a time when she would have shuddered at a recital of the horrors through which she now passed with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart—but what will not love in a woman undertake? 'God has as much power to protect me here,' she thought, as the distant firing caught her ear, and caused her for a moment to pause, 'as in a crowded room!' The thought of 'what she had to live for,' rendered her for a moment incapable of proceeding; then silently imploring strength from God, she persevered.

What a scene of horrors presented itself to her! The spot where a few hours before she had gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, was now occupied by the dead or dying. Occasionally a wounded horse dashed wildly among the heaps of the wounded. There was a party employed in stripping the dead—at her approach they looked up, and for a moment a superstitious dread crossed their minds. Her white dress made them suppose her a ghost, and when convinced of their mistake, they let her pass unmolested, observing, with an oath, that she was seeking perhaps for her lover. As she approached the

spot described by Grant, she examined earnestly the faces of the dead. She was almost beginning to despair, when from beneath a heap of slain, an outstretched arm caught her attention. On one of his fingers was a ring; one of her first gifts to him. With trembling hands she put down the small lantern which she had brought, and removed the slain. It was indeed her husband who lay there, and a long fit of weeping relieved her; she raised him, and the head fell back on her shoulders. Approaching footsteps alarmed her: they were those of two men of her husband's regiment. One of them explained that they had followed her at Mr. Grant's desire. Between them was the body of Captain Leslie borne into the inn of Mont St. Joan.

A surgeon was then dressing the wound of Mr. Grant, and his immediate attention was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her husband's hand clasped in hers, with a calmness which was more affecting than the most violent agitation could have been. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound to be found. The surgeon placed a glass before his lips—then exclaimed, with an interest he had not often felt—'He still lives!'

The effect of joy is often more acute than that of grief. Helen gazed for a moment wildly round, then sank on the floor in a state of insensibility. Hours passed before she recovered consciousness. When she did, she found that it was not a dream. Leslie still lived. The shot which had struck him down was found imbedded in the Bible, which he had but a moment before thrust into the breast of his coat.—But had it not been for the timely assistance of his wife, he must have perished. He was saved almost by a miracle from being crushed to death: fortunately, however, the spot on which he fell was hollow, and he is still alive.

The incidents of this sketch are strictly true. Those who have visited —, must have seen the small Bible, which is regarded by the family with feelings of the deepest veneration. It is still kept under a case, and will forever perpetuate the heroism of the soldier's bride at Waterloo.

For the Rose of the Valley.

### REMONSTRANCE.

O why, O why my spirit, cling  
To life's troubled sea!  
For happiness 't will never bring,  
But o'er thee 't will ever fling,  
Its waves of misery.

Didst thou e'er 'pon a mortal thing,  
Thy fond love bestow?  
And felt thou not the 'venomed sting,  
As dismally thy heart would ring,  
When death's note 't would echo?

Then why dost wish this life to roam,  
Which is to thee so barren;  
Dost thou not wish to seek that home,  
Whose starry vault, and silver dome,  
Invite thee on to heaven?

O there at rest thou'lt be for ever,  
In the angels company:  
There pain and woe will visit never,  
Nor friends or lovers e'er will sever,  
But live and love eternally.

W. J. B.

### THE END OF GREAT MEN.

HAPPENING to cast my eye upon a printed page of miniature portraits, the personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensations arise in my bosom as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of this mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition,

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world call *great*; those four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile. How are the mighty fallen!

### THE RICH AND THE POOR.

THE rich have the most meat; the poor have the best appetite. The rich lie softest—the poor sleep the soundest. The rich have delicacies; the poor have health. The rich are afraid of losing; the poor have nothing to lose, and so in this respect have nothing to fear. The rich dread the midnight robber; the poor have no apprehensions of being robbed. The rich hang themselves through fear of poverty; the poor (such as have always been poor) laugh and sing, and love their lives too well to put their necks in the noose.

### THE FUTURE.

A lady had written on a card, and placed in her Garden House on the top of an hour-glass, a beautiful and simple stanza from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet; it was at the season of the

year when the flowers were in their highest beauty.

"To think of summers yet to come,  
That I am not to see,  
To think a weed is yet to bloom,  
From dust that *I shall be!*"

The next morning she found penciled on the back of the same card:

To think when heaven and earth are fled,  
And times and seasons o'er,  
When all that *can* die shall be dead,  
That I must die no more!  
Ah! where will then *my* portion be?  
How shall I spend *eternity?*

From the Ladies' Magazine.

**'IT SHALL BE WELL.'**

*Say unto the righteous, it shall be well with them.*  
Holy Writ.

'It shall be well'—the conqueror's word,  
When vanquished realms salute my lord,  
Gold, honor, titles, power confers  
Upon his faithful followers;  
Yet dares not bid fame's clarion swell,  
Rearing the sound—it shall be well.'

'It shall be well'—the Youth has found  
Joys, like young roses, clustering round;  
He dreams, might there no blighting fall,  
O, he could win and wear them all;  
What promise can his fears dispel?  
That holy one—it shall be well.'

He gains it—yet life's wintry day  
Hath swept those clustering joys away,  
Scattered like rose-leaves on the wind—  
But lives the promise in his mind!  
O ne'er again his sorrows tell,  
Cling to the hope—it shall be well.'

'It shall be well'—there needs no more,  
The cup of bliss is brimming o'er,  
Joys—they are all by Goodness lent,  
Griefs—they are all by Mercy sent—  
That promise ours, where'er we dwell,  
Prison or palace 'shall be well.'

'It shall be well'—when spring is bright,  
And when 'mid winter's chilling night;  
The mind's dark storms were hushed in peace,  
As rainbows bid earth's tempests cease,  
When on the tear-dim'd spirit fell  
Heaven's beam bright glow'd—'It shall be well.'

**THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.**

The following stanzas allude to the fate of a young sailor, who died at sea, and

was buried in one of the uninhabited islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Though lone the land and wild the sea,  
Unknown the heaven that bends o'er thee,  
Ne'er found a hero of the wave  
A lovelier bower, a sweeter grave.

Rest in thine isle, young hero, rest!  
O'er thee the sea-dove builds her nest—  
The palm tree waves its feathery crest,  
And wild flowers blossom on thy breast;  
Rest in thine isle, young hero, rest!

What though upon the fragrant sod  
No sorrow-planted jessamin nod;  
Nor maiden's heart, nor mother's breast  
Break o'er thy lowly place of rest!  
Still shall the tropic zephyrs fling  
The flowers and fruits of endless spring;  
And the loud sea with fallen roar  
Shall chant thy wild dirge on the shore.

We've raised the cross and said the prayer—  
Each stol'n a love-lock from thy hair,—  
And pausing on the sea-beach nigh,  
Poured back the last and saddened sigh:  
And when in eastern climes again  
We see the sun to westward wane,  
We'll know that as he meets the wave,  
His setting disk is on thy grave.

Rest in thine isle, young Alfred, rest!  
O'er thee the sea-dove builds her nest—  
The palm tree waves its feathery crest,  
And wild flowers blossom on thy breast;  
Rest in thine isle, young Alfred, rest!

WILLIAM.

**AUCTION OF LADIES.**

An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assemble on a certain day of every year, all the virgins of a marriageable age."—The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the depth of their purses. But, alas! it seems there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian,—"were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had



openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; in this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection." This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ.

#### POWER OF MUSIC.

A VENERABLE American Judge relates the following revolutionary anecdote. The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded; and among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket-ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of moving. Says the sufferer, "Now, Doctor, what would you be at?" "My lad, I'm going to take off your leg; and 'tis necessary you should be lashed down." "I shall consent to no such thing. You shall pluck my heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the tent? If so, bring it to me." A violin was furnished, and after tuning it, he said, "Now, Doctor, begin;" and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

#### SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE know that every thing is affected that is touched by the spirit of Christianity. It touches the heart of the poor man, and he becomes humble as a little child; it touches the heart of the sensualist and he becomes pure and heavenly; it touches the affections of the covetous, and he becomes liberal; it touches the heart of the revengeful and they become forgiving and loving; it touches the chain of caste, and it melts; it touches the idols of the heathen, and they fall to the ground like Dagon before the ark of God; it touches the atmosphere of idolatry, and the glare of superstition is dissolved; it touches the

fetters of the slave, and they fall off; it touches the ruthless despotism of the earth, and they wither at its glance; it touches the hearts of savages, and they take their place among civilized men; it sends its fructifying showers on the barren wilderness, and it blossoms like the rose; it smiles upon the desert, and the inhabitants of the rock, the wandering bushmen sing for joy, and shout from the tops of the mountains.

#### ANECDOTE OF MADISON.

WHEN the debates upon the adoption of the federal constitution were occupying the attention of our patriot fathers, and when wisdom, like a daily visitant, hovered over the hall where genius and virtue breathed fire into the hearts of the sages who were there assembled; Mr. Madison wished to speak, but was almost afraid from his great physical debility to make the attempt. However, he begged a gentleman who was sitting near him to pull him by the coat when he perceived that he was becoming exhausted.

Mr. Madison rose and opened his speech—his voice was feeble at first, it became stronger as he progressed—passage after passage of brilliant and illuminating thought came from his almost inspired lips; every point of the great subject he touched upon, he left for men of all future times to look upon as if he had thrown the clouds from the summit of the hills,—he went on, and concluded: "Why," as he sunk back exhausted in his chair, "why did you not pull me when you saw me go on as I did?"

"I would rather have laid my finger upon the lightning," was the reply.

This anecdote we have obtained from a gentleman who was present.

A MAN in Silesia was lately arraigned for the crime of bigamy. On the trial it appeared that he had successively married NINE wives, all of whom were in court. The judges decreed that the best punishment would be, to make him live hereafter with the whole nine. The unhappy culprit pleaded the capital punishment on hearing their decision, but without effect.—The Court was inexorable.

